Historic Train Depots | Great Sushi in Sierra Vista | Road Trip to Klondyke | The Canyon's Mule Master

NOVEMBER 2008

Arizona Highways

Man vs. Nature

Tales of Survival in the Outback of Arizona

PLUS

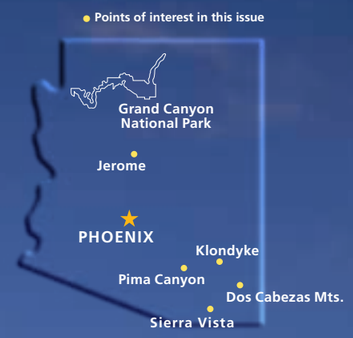
How to Survive:
Blizzards, Flash Floods, Animal Attacks and More

AND

An Iconic River Guide Takes His Last Ride Down the Colorado — at the Age of 90

Features

Departments



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MOON ROCKS A waxing crescent moon glows above boulders silhouetted in predawn light at the Indian Bread Rocks Picnic Area in the 11,700-acre Dos Cabezas Mountains Wilderness in Southeastern Arizona. Photograph by Jack Dykinga

FRONT COVER Just above Tapeets Creek, Deubendorff Rapids challenges river runners with a Grand Canyon rating of 5-8, depending on the Colorado River's flow. Photograph by Kerrick James

BACK COVER Normally dry in hotter months, Sabino Creek swells with snowmelt in the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson. Photograph by Randy Prentice

by Robert Stieve

TOM VEZO

What do you do if you encounter a rattlesnake in the wild? See page 14.

JEFF KIDA

LON MCADAM SHATTERED HIS KNEE. He's OK now, but a year ago, he wasn't sure he'd survive the ordeal. "I'll never forget that pain," he says. "I pulled up my pant leg, and I could see that the tendons were spread apart. My knee looked like a giant pill with a line right down the middle." It could have been worse, but not much. Especially when you consider that he wasn't strolling the greenbelt in Scottsdale when it happened; he was in the middle of a nine-day solo journey in the Superstition Wilderness, one of the most uninviting places in Arizona.

He was there by choice. As a landscape photographer who specializes in the Sonoran Desert, McAdam was headed to Rough Canyon with his camera when the tip of his boot hooked a rock and thrust his knee into a ragged boulder. Generally speaking, he was cooked. More specifically, as Kelly Kramer writes in *Man vs. Wild*: "He knew he was facing two problems. He was at the base of a rockslide, with his planned campsite about a quarter-mile up the trail; and his only water source was a small pool of water." Making matters worse, the Superstition Wilderness is bear country.

He makes it out alive, of course, but you'll have to read Kelly's piece to find out how. As you'll see, it's a remarkable tale of survival, which is the theme of this month's cover story. In addition to Lon McAdam's great escape, we'll share the stories of two other men who beat the odds. We'll also give you some practical guidance on how to survive 10 of Mother Nature's most dangerous strikes, including rattlesnake bites, hypothermia and animal attacks. Another scenario is capsizing — what to do if you get tossed out of a boat — and no one knows more about that than Martin Litton.

Unless you're a regular on the Colorado River, you've probably never heard of Martin Litton. By all accounts, he's considered the godfather of Colorado River guides — he's been running the river since the 1950s. His greatest legacy, however, is a speech he gave to help stop the construction of two dams inside the Grand Canyon. When it comes to protecting the river, he's an absolutist.

Litton, who is 90 now and looks a lot like the old man you envisioned in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, recently made his final voyage down the Colorado, and he was kind enough to let our writer and photographer tag along. In *Against the Current*, Brad Dimock and Kate Thompson share their experiences and showcase a man accurately described as an Arizona icon. A few pages later, Sam Lowe does the same thing with train depots.

When it comes to iconic architecture in Arizona, train depots rank right up there. Back in the heyday of rail travel, there were about 60 stations around the state. Today, there are fewer than 40, and most of them are being used for something other than shuttling passengers. In *Last Stop!*, Sam takes a look at what's left. Like our cover story, this is a story of survival, and even though Sam didn't shatter a knee in the process of reporting it, he weaves a compelling tale. Time will tell how many depots beat the odds.

~ In Memoriam ~

TOM VEZO
1946-2008

On July 18, 2008, we lost a good friend and a gifted photographer. Tom Vezo, a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, died on a hiking trip in the Rincon Mountains of Southern Arizona. "Tom was one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet," says Peter Ensenberger, our director of photography. "Not only was he one of the top bird photographers in the world, but he gave generously of his time to the protection of the species and habitats that were such a big part of his career as a wildlife photographer." Larry Lindahl, another longtime contributor, echoes the praise: "Tom elevated bird photography to a new level with his elegant compositions, sense of design, and his patience to get fresh images, not just showing the birds, but telling their stories." In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Tom's work has appeared in a who's who of publications, including *National Geographic*, *Audubon*, *Discovery* and *Outdoor Photographer*. "He was at the top of his game," Pete says. "But most of all, he was a great human being, loved by all who knew him."

The Vezo family requests that any memorial donations be made to the Defenders Committee of Friends of Madera Canyon, P.O. Box 1203, Green Valley, AZ 85622.

— Robert Stieve
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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

NOVEMBER 2008 VOL. 84, NO. 11

800-543-5432
arizonahighways.com

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Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: $24 a year in the U.S., $44 outside the U.S. Single copy: $3.99 U.S. Send subscription correspondence and change of address information to *Arizona Highways*, P.O. Box 653, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0653. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ, and at additional mailing office. CANADA POST INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS MAIL PRODUCT (CANADIAN DISTRIBUTION) SALES AGREEMENT NO. 41220511. SEND RETURNS TO QUEBECOR WORLD, P.O. BOX 875, WINDSOR, ON N9A 6P2. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Arizona Highways*, P.O. Box 653, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0653.

PRODUCED IN THE USA

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CONTRIBUTORS

KATE THOMPSON

Kate Thompson says she met a great mentor while shooting Martin Litton's last trip down the Colorado (see *Against the Current*, page 32). Even though he might be considered old by some standards, Thompson says the longtime river guide and environmentalist was just as contentious and witty as ever while rafting. "He'd take the oar and we'd say, 'Martin, are you OK with this rapid?' And he'd always answer with the running joke, 'What, you don't think I've ever been down this river before?'" A frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*, Thompson also shoots for *National Geographic Adventure*, *Alaska Airlines Magazine* and the Patagonia catalog.

SAM LOWE

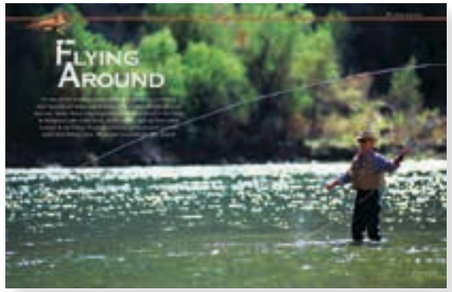
As the son of a railroad brakeman, it's only natural that Sam Lowe would feel a connection to the historic train depots he wrote about in *Last Stop!* (page 38). While visiting some of the depots around the state, Lowe says he was reminded of his childhood. "I could still smell the oil they used on all of the wood. It brought back memories of waiting in line to board the train to grandma's house when I was a kid." Lowe, a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, is the author of *Arizona Curiosities: Quirky Characters, Roadside Oddities and Other Offbeat Stuff*. He also writes for *The Arizona Republic*, *Arizona Highroads* and *The Columbus Dispatch*.

RICHARD MAACK

Richard Maack says he discovered the beauty of the past all over again while shooting historic trains and depots for *Last Stop!* (page 38). "These trains were just so massive," he says. "There's so much underestimated legacy and romance tied to them because of the important role they've played over the years." Although architectural photography is Maack's forte, he attributes his unique take on this shoot to his first job out of college — he was a station agent with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Maack was *Arizona Highways*' photo editor for 10 years. He now leads photography trips for Lindblad/National Geographic Expeditions.

BRAD DIMOCK

While interviewing Martin Litton (see *Against the Current*, page 32), Brad Dimock says he left out quite a bit of the longtime Colorado River guide's spirited personality. "He was so much worse in person," Dimock jokes. "I made him look like a nice guy, but he's so cantankerous, even at his age. He's never realized the value of himself or his company." The two have plenty in common. Besides "stumbling" into writing, Dimock has also worked as a boatman for about 35 years — nine of those for Litton himself. In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Dimock, an award-winning book author, also writes for *High Country News* and *Sierra* magazine.



Casting a Vote for Ice Fishing

Being a lifelong fly-fishing enthusiast who lived only five minutes from the Green River in Wyoming for my first 40 years, I can relate to the level of sophistication mentioned in your piece [*Editor's Letter*, July 2008]. However, the winters are very long in Wyoming, so I enjoyed ice fishing most weekends all winter long. It wasn't the ice fishing shown in *Grumpy Old Men*. It was slipping out early on a frosty morning and enjoying the solitude and beauty with your son or a few friends. It wasn't as sophisticated as fly-fishing, but it kept this fisherman from going stir crazy while waiting for spring.

Brian Sawyer, Cottonwood

Taking Care of Business

I'd like to thank everyone at *Arizona Highways* for recognizing the Velvet Elvis in your April 2008 issue [*Best Restaurants in Arizona*]. It is indeed an unexpected honor to receive such an award for my humble efforts. Many new customers have visited us after reading your article. As a matter of fact, many have traveled from Phoenix just to experience the Velvet Elvis. I commend you for your extraordinary contribution in promoting tourism in Arizona, and helping the economic revitalization of rural communities such as Patagonia.

Cecilia San Miguel, owner, Velvet Elvis, Patagonia

Basic Training

It's obvious that Terry Greene Sterling has never changed a tire in her life [*Our Humble Servant*, June 2008]. The method of standing on the lug wrench and jumping on it (or kicking it) is *not* an "unorthodox technique." It's the way anybody with any common sense does it. The method was taught to me by my father 70 years ago. Kicking the lug wrench, or standing then jumping on it, is the way to properly tighten the lug nuts, as well. I'm surprised Harry Day (Sandra Day O'Connor's father) had not taught the method to her. I commend her for figuring it out on her own.

R. Everett Harris, Mesa

One for the Road

The May issue of *Arizona Highways* did a great job of hitting many of the highlights of Sedona, the "most beautiful place in America." You missed one aspect that a group of citizens, with input from the Arizona Department of Transportation, put on the map. State Route 179, the gateway to Sedona, was nominated and selected as the first All-American Road in Arizona in 2006. Check out the byways.org Web site and click on the Arizona Map. Then click on the Red Rock Scenic Byway.

Bill Kusner, chairman, All-American Road Committee

A Friend Indeed

We received a subscription to your magazine from an American "friend" whom we met in Bali last year. Delightful man; obviously generous. I love your magazine — the photography, the stories, the colors of the Arizona desert and mountains are just amazing. We have some pretty amazing colors in our deserts and mountains in Australia, as well, but I think I like yours more because of the little fantasy I have that one day I'll get to visit.

Margaret & Allen Kidd, Belmore, Australia

On the Map

My most sincere thanks for putting the little Arizona map with points of interest back in the magazine. We've traveled many roads in Arizona, and always look to see if you're featuring some place or places that we've visited, or if you're leading us to some new and exciting places we've not seen yet. Thanks again.

Verly Hellwig, Shoreline, Washington

The Other Brother

First and foremost, let me say what a great publication *Arizona Highways* is. I've been a subscriber for years and a part-time Arizonan with a vacation [retirement] home in Santa Cruz County. I'm thumbing through my July issue and noticed an error under *This Month in History*. I'm sure you know by now that the Headquarters Saloon, where Warren Earp was killed, is in Willcox, and not Winslow. Not going to hold it against you, though. Thanks for a great magazine, month after month.

Lou & Ronnie Ferrara, Stuart, Florida AH

ask AHM

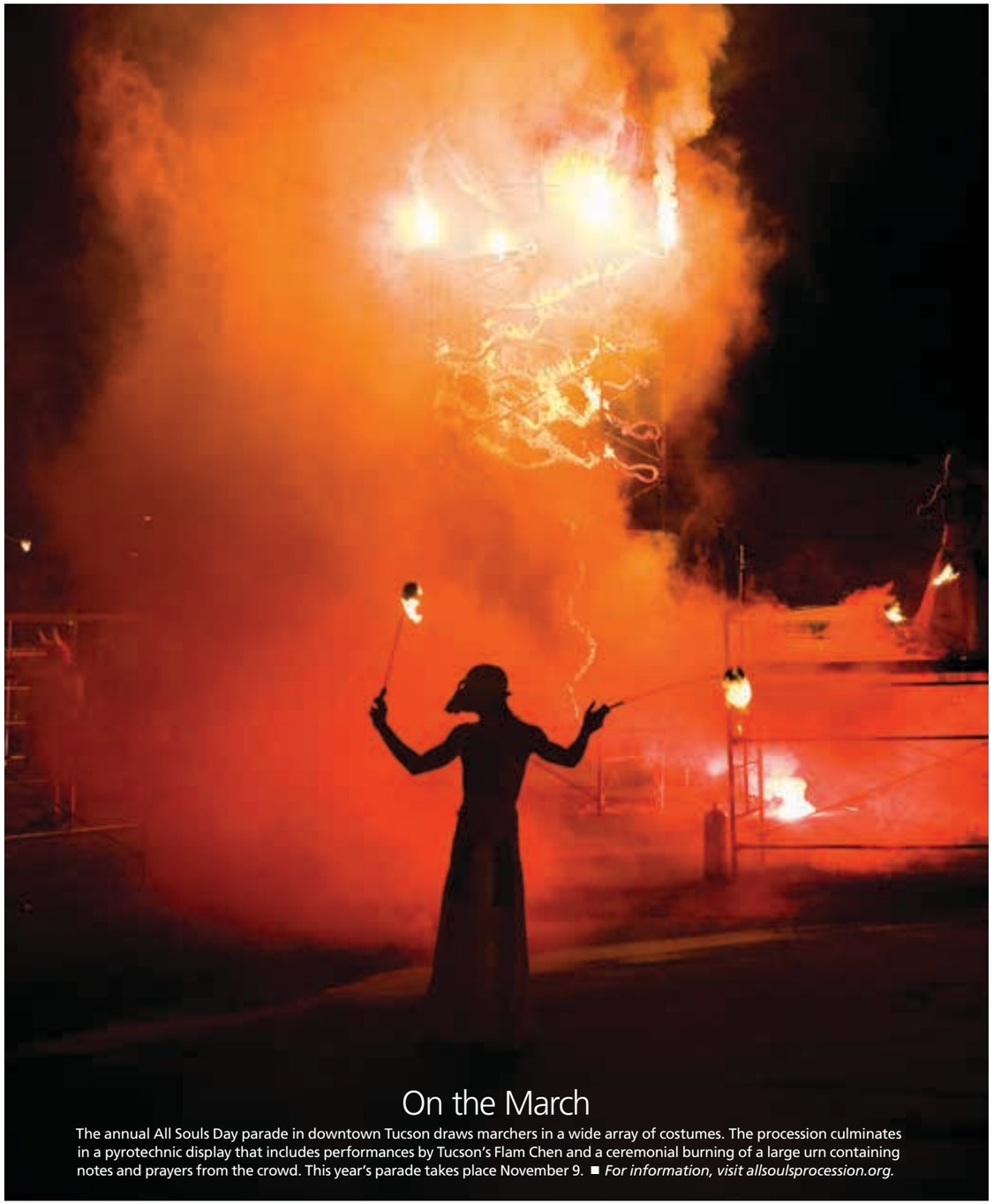
Q About five years ago, a significant modern-day Arizona pioneer died — Louis Johnson of Stanfield, down Casa Grande way. Would *Arizona Highways* think it fitting to recognize this cotton farmer and Hereford cow breeder?

Robert A. Rabens, Jasper, Tennessee

A *Yes. Beginning in 1958, Johnson partnered with actor John Wayne, first in the cotton business, then in raising purebred, prize-winning Hereford cattle at their 50,000-acre 26 Bar Ranch near Springerville. Johnson's savvy earned them national top production honors 18 years in a row. Johnson and his wife, Alice, often entertained "the Duke," who entered their home yelling, "I love this house and everybody in it!"*

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything in Arizona Highways, *we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009. For more information, visit arizonahighways.com.*



EDWARD McCAIN

On the March

The annual All Souls Day parade in downtown Tucson draws marchers in a wide array of costumes. The procession culminates in a pyrotechnic display that includes performances by Tucson's Flam Chen and a ceremonial burning of a large urn containing notes and prayers from the crowd. This year's parade takes place November 9. ■ *For information, visit allsoulsprocession.org.*

PEOPLE

Mule Master

They're not as famous as the panoramas, but the mules at the Canyon are known around the world, and the man in charge is Casey Murph.

LONG BEFORE DAYLIGHT SPLASHES ITS morning glow on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, livery manager Casey Murph heads to the barn to saddle up as many as 40 mules that will carry tourists down the Canyon's steep, winding switchbacks.

"A lot of folks think it'll be like going on a bus tour and looking out the window, but it's a lot more hands-on," says Murph, who gives orientations daily to riders before they embark on the Bright Angel Trail. "You can't just sit there; you have to ride."

Murph, who grew up on a cattle ranch a few miles east of Winslow, has been riding horses and handling livestock since he was a young boy. "I was kind of just born into the cowboy thing," Murph says.

His late grandfather, Charlie Jennings, worked with mules at the Grand Canyon as part of the Civilian Conservation Corps during the Great Depression of the early 1930s.

"I'd always known about the mules here because of the stories I'd heard [from my grandfather] as a kid," Murph says.

In November 1989, the day after he turned 21, Murph asked for a similar job at the Grand Canyon. He was hired to oversee pack mules, and later served as a trail guide. Three years ago, he moved into his current position as livery manager for Xanterra Parks & Resorts, which operates hospitality facilities in national parks across the country.

While some might consider the Grand Canyon a secluded place, Murph found it much more crowded than his childhood ranch, where the nearest neighbors were exactly 7 miles from the end of the driveway.

"I wasn't used to living in towns this big," he says. "I know that seems strange to some people, but I was used to being in real remote places before I came here. It took me awhile to get used to having neighbors."

Although Murph now calls the Grand Canyon home, on his days off, he still returns to his ranch, where he took over the family business. "There's always a lot of roping and branding to do, and that's relaxing," he says.

Murph's other pastime is camping, though not in the Canyon. "Normally, when I go camping, I'll go somewhere else, just because I live here and it's familiar to me," he says. His favorite retreat is near the Tonto Basin.

Most of Murph's time is spent managing the 170 mules that carry supplies and people back and forth from the South Rim to Phantom Ranch at the bottom of the Canyon. His duties include training mules, ensuring their health, and evaluating their behavior to see which animals work well with people.

"I know all my mules really well," he says. "They do have their own personalities. Some are playful, some don't like people all that much … those are the pack mules."

When mules reach their limits of service, Murph searches for places where they can enjoy a peaceful retirement.

"Eventually, these mules get a bit too old to do work this hard, so I'll try to find good homes for them," he says. "I love my mules, and I really try to take care of them."

■ *For information on mule rides at the Grand Canyon, call 888-297-2757.*

— Leah Duran

CELEBRITY Q&A

Shane Doan

Center, Phoenix Coyotes

by Dave Pratt

AH: If you were trying to convince Sydney Crosby or Alexander Ovechkin that Arizona is one of the most beautiful places in America, where would you take them?

SD: I'd take them horseback riding around Roosevelt Lake.

AH: When you go hiking in Arizona, what's the one thing — other than water — that you always carry in your backpack?

SD: The one thing I always carry, other than water, is a pair of tweezers. Actually, pliers, to get the cactus twills out of my butt.

AH: If you were making a road trip to Sedona, which would you choose: Harley or Mustang convertible?

SD: I'd go with the Mustang convertible, because I don't trust myself driving a Harley. Well … maybe it's that I don't trust everyone else around me while I'm driving the Harley.

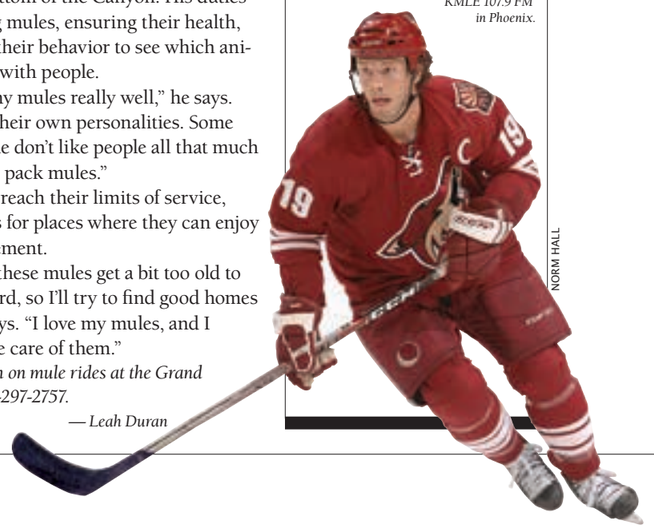
AH: What's your favorite place in Arizona?

SD: My favorite place in Arizona is probably out at our barn [in metro Phoenix]. Being able to go riding in the desert in the middle of the city is something special.

AH: If you had designed the new Arizona quarter, what would you have put on it?

SD: I'm not sure, but I think I would have put a Phoenix Coyote on it.

— Dave Pratt is the host of the Dave Pratt in the Morning *show on KMLE 107.9 FM in Phoenix.*



NORM HALL

DINING

Fish Out of Water

Sushi in Sierra Vista might sound preposterous, but Tanuki is one of the best and most authentic Japanese restaurants in the state.

IN JAPAN, THE WORD "TANUKI" CONJURES mythic characters resembling doglike raccoons. Supernatural Tanuki can either be nasty or kind, depending on how they feel. They hold special sway over Japanese restaurant owners, so it makes sense that Michiko Maggie Grace named her restaurant and sushi bar Tanuki.

What doesn't make sense, at first glance, is that Grace's Japanese bistro sits on Fry Boulevard, the main street in Sierra Vista, a small Southeastern Arizona community populated mostly by military personnel who work at historic Fort Huachuca, the local Army base, as well as by government contractors and retirees.

You just wouldn't expect sushi in Sierra Vista. Spend time in the town, though, and you'll find it's a cosmopolitan place that has a lot to offer. Hikers, cyclists and birders enjoy the high-desert grasslands and sky-island mountains that surround Sierra Vista, along with the nearby San Pedro River. History buffs flock to Tombstone, the town too tough to die, and Bisbee, the mining town turned art colony — both an easy drive from Sierra Vista. And the "living cave" at Kartchner Caverns State Park rests a few miles north of the town.

EDWARD McCAIN

Michiko Maggie Grace

Grace recognized Sierra Vista's potential when she first visited it in 1980. Sierra Vista couldn't have been more different than Grace's native Okinawa, and that's exactly what she liked about it. "Okinawa is a beautiful island, but there are many people living in a small space, and every place you go, you see the ocean," she says. "Here, you look around and you see the big country."

A short, stocky woman with oversized glasses and thick black hair pulled back in a bun, Grace is now 55 and an American citizen. She opened Tanuki in 1994. Through the years, grateful Sierra Vista sushi fans have given her dozens of mementos from their trips to Japan — porcelain figurines, framed prints, needlecraft, toy boats — all of which line the walls and crowd the windowsills of the restaurant.

What distinguishes Tanuki from most other sushi joints, besides the décor, is that Grace hires only trained Japanese sushi chefs, makes all her own sauces, and is extraordinarily picky about the freshness of the fish she serves. Tanuki's fish is flown throughout the week from Los Angeles to Tucson, where Grace picks it up at the airport and drives it 70 miles back to Sierra Vista. If a supplier sends bad fish, Grace throws the fish away. "I would rather lose a fish man than a customer," she says. "I always have the best quality fish. I am very careful with my fish."

Grace's passion for fresh fish shines in the wide variety of sushi (vinegar rice, usually wrapped around raw fish or seaweed paper) and sashimi (raw fish). Other authentic Japanese dishes, such as Tempura Udon (shrimp tempura in noodle soup), Katsu Donburi (pork, vegetables and eggs served over rice) or Sukiyaki (beef, chicken or tofu simmered in Grace's homemade sauce with yam noodles, bamboo shoots and green onions) all await nonsushi eaters. For even less adventurous palates, the fresh salmon or sirloin steak offer delicious alternatives. And Grace's homemade cheesecake is a must.

Thanks to her own hard work and talent, and maybe a little magic dust from Tanuki, Grace has made Sierra Vista home to one of the most authentic Japanese restaurants in Arizona.

■ *Tanuki Japanese Restaurant is located at 1221 E. Fry Boulevard in Sierra Vista. For more information, call 520-459-6853.*

— Terry Greene Sterling

NICK BEREZENKO

LODGING

When in Jerome

In addition to history, the Surgeon's House B&B offers an elegance that makes it one of the best places to get a good night's sleep.

AT THE HEIGHT OF JEROME'S MINING BOOM in 1916, when the town was swarming with smelter workers, freighters, gamblers, bootleggers, saloon keepers and prostitutes, the United Verde Copper Co. built a mansion — relative to everything else in the area — as a way of luring a much-needed surgeon.

With so many miners and fortune hunters moving in, space was tight, and the mine owners figured a beautiful home would help attract a good doctor, which it did. It was later used as nurses' quarters. Then, in the early 1930s, the white stucco building became the home of Dr. Arthur Carlson and his family, who lived there during a time of labor unrest, depressions, unpredictable copper prices, and a war that eventually ended the city's mining boom.

Located at the top of Hill Street, the Surgeon's House, as it became known, was a popular hangout for Jerome's wealthiest citizens, who were often looking for an escape from the harsh realities of living in a mining town. It's a feeling that's still experienced by visitors who stay there today.

Andrea Prince, who fell in love with the house at "first sight," has owned and operated the Surgeon's House Bed & Breakfast since the mid-1990s, and she's done plenty of work on the place. Looking at the building today, you'd never know that it had fallen into disrepair for many years. It's a respite of beauty in a still-rugged town.

The first thing you'll notice as you climb the steep steps to the entrance is the ultraprivate garden that surrounds the historic home. Inside the house, worn wooden floors are complemented by organic blue, green and purple water-colored walls, all of which create a sense of warmth and cleanliness that blends the home's modern décor with its traditional architecture.

For the "bed" part of the B&B, there's a choice of three unique suites inside the main building, as well as the popular Chauffeur's Quarters — a private enclave separate from the house that includes its own claw-footed tub, private balcony and lifetime supply of *National Geographic* magazines. No matter which room you choose, you'll get spectacular panoramic views of the Verde Valley and the San Francisco Peaks in the distance. The accommodations are second to none. And so are the luxuriant gardens.

As you'll see, Prince has created an Eden in the middle of a dusty desert — a place where you can lounge on plush pillows near koi ponds and enjoy the surroundings. Flowers bloom almost year-round here, and even in the winter, greenery can be found in the blue spruce trees that are adorned with white lights. When you're in a place like this, you're bound to relax. So, grab a book, breathe it in, and enjoy the grass carpet beneath your feet. Doctor's orders.

■ *Surgeon's House B&B is located at 100 Hill Street in Jerome. For reservations and more information, visit surgeonshouse.com or call 800-639-1452.*

— Kendall Wright

NICK BEREZENKO

PHOTOGRAPHY

Making the Switch

Film isn't dead, but even longtime users of that age-old process are going digital. Professionals, weekend shutterbugs … everybody's doing it.

ON A RECENT TRIP BACK EAST, I SPENT SOME TIME WITH AN old college buddy who lives in New York City. He was getting ready for a trip to Italy and didn't want to rely on his 17-year-old single-lens reflex film camera. It was time, he thought, to make the switch to digital.

He'd been talking about this for a while, and by the time I got to New York, Roger had done his research, weighed his options and had a new camera in hand. As he showed it to me, we talked about Italy, and I asked what he hoped to bring back from the trip — in terms of photos. As the evening wore on, it dawned on me how different our approaches to photography are.

I'm a working professional who's been immersed in the digital world for almost a decade. Making images that can be reproduced in *Arizona Highways* requires a skill set that most people neither need nor want. Roger, on the other hand, is a medical doctor who enjoys sharing his trips with friends and family. He's not a professional photographer, but he wanted to come back with some beautiful shots, so we put together a plan.

First, I convinced him to use the JPEG (Joint Photographic Experts Group) format. It's a common image format that compresses photos and allows for more shots on a memory card. It also lets the camera do most of the processing internally.

Next, we set the resolution at the highest level and the compression to the smallest. By doing this, we ensured that he'd get the best quality images for this type of file format. We then set the contrast on low and did the same for sharpness — those things can be adjusted later on the computer. In terms of color, most digital cameras come from the factory with the color space set to sRGB, as do most computer monitors and home printers. For the weekend shooter, it's a good setting — no need to mess with it.

With that, Roger was ready to roll. The next stop was Italy, which was all up to him. I did have some advice, however, for when he got back. Among other things, I suggested he use a card reader for downloading his photos, rather than tethering the camera directly to the computer. In many cases it's faster, and it doesn't tie up the camera. I also suggested he install a good software program. There are plenty of options.

JEFF KIDA

Using backlight when photographing people outdoors in midday light enhances the final image.

For PC users (Windows), there's a great program called Picasa, which can be downloaded from Google. It'll help sort, separate and edit, and best of all, it's free. Apple has an even better program called iPhoto, which can be purchased as part of a package called iLife. It sells for about $80 and allows for some electronic darkroom work. For more advanced users, there are editing programs such as Elements and Photoshop.

At this point, it was getting late, but Roger was still listening, so I gave him one last piece of advice: Duplicate all of your photo files. Once your image files are on the hard drive, copy them onto CDs, DVDs or an external hard drive. Computers have a tendency to crash, and storage devices become corrupted. Backing up your data is a simple way to ensure that your memories will survive the switch to digital.

— Jeff Kida, photo editor

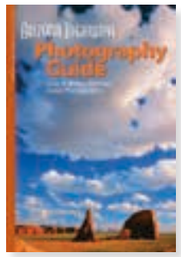


PHOTO TIP

SUN SCREEN

Getting a great shot of your friends in the bright midday light is one of the toughest things to do. Although this tip runs counter to what you've heard all your life, have them stand with their backs to the sun. You'll notice that their faces will be evenly lit, and there will be a lot less squinting. You might have to shade your lens, but this is the right approach. They'll love you for it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available now at bookstores and arizonahighways.com.

online **For more photography tips and information, visit arizonahighways.com and click on "Photography."**

HISTORY

Barry Treasured

Politics aside, most everyone respected the way in which Barry Goldwater would get to the point — even when it came to the presidential election.

"It's a great country, where anybody can grow up to be president … except me."
— Barry Goldwater

WHEN IT CAME TO SPEAKING HIS MIND, Senator Barry Goldwater was a straight shooter — even when he was talking about himself. Clearly, the Arizona politician had a sense of humor about his unsuccessful run for the presidency in 1964.

This year marks the 44th anniversary of that campaign, which turned out to be the most lopsided presidential election in history. (President Lyndon B. Johnson garnered 61 percent of the popular vote.) Admittedly, Goldwater said he knew he couldn't win. In fact, he claimed that running for president "was like trying to stand up in a hammock," and recalled that when he was writing his acceptance speech for the Republican nomination, he turned to his staff and said, "We shouldn't be writing this acceptance speech; we ought to be writing a speech telling them to go to hell and let's go home." Home, of course, was Arizona.

Goldwater was born in Phoenix on January 1, 1909, when Arizona was still a territory. He was the son of Baron and Josephine Goldwater, owners of a department store chain.

As a boy, Goldwater traveled the state with his mother and, along the way, developed a lifelong love affair with Arizona. His trips to the Hopi mesas and the Navajo Nation fostered his interest in Native American customs and art. Visits to Arizona's border towns, mining communities and mountain regions gave him a learn-by-doing education. Good thing, too, because Goldwater was a less-than-stellar student.

After his freshman year in high school, his grades and conduct were so poor that his parents sent him to Staunton Military Academy in Virginia. After a shaky start, Goldwater found his comfort zone and became involved in campus activities, joining social clubs, becoming captain of the swim team, playing for the football team and earning an appointment to West Point. However, after his graduation in 1928, Goldwater decided to skip West Point and head home.


ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

He attended the University of Arizona for a year and then worked in the family business. He learned to fly at the age of 21, and during World War II was assigned to the Ferry Command, which delivered supplies and aircraft to combat zones. After the war, he tried his hand at politics, beginning in Phoenix municipal government, and eventually beating incumbent Ernest McFarland in 1952 for a seat in the U.S. Senate.

As a five-term U.S. senator (1952-1964 and 1968-1986), Goldwater made his mark on the national political scene. And — in an era filled with rebellion — he became the voice of the modern conservative movement. He was an anachronism, however, described by Louis Menand in a 2001 *New Yorker* article as "a cowboy who rode in from the wrong decade." Goldwater agreed.

While accepting his '64 presidential defeat with trademark bluntness, Goldwater said, "When you've lost an election by that much, it isn't a case of whether you made the wrong speech or wore the wrong tie, it was just the wrong time."

— Sally Benford

50 years ago in arizona highways

The names are familiar: Johnny Ringo, Doc Holliday, the Earps, the Clantons, Bat Masterson, Curly Bill Brocius, Buckskin Frank Leslie. In November 1958, our cover story profiled these gunslingers of the Old West, and featured the colorful illustrations of artist Lea Franklin McCarty. In addition, the issue included stories about the state's last herd of wild horses and Arizona's unique cloud patterns.

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- **On November 5, 1871, the Wickenburg-Ehrenberg stagecoach was ambushed and robbed. Six people were killed during what became known as the Wickenburg Massacre.**
- **On November 12, 1912, male citizens in Arizona went to the polls and voted 13,452 to 6,202 in favor of giving women the right to vote.**
- **On November 16, 1995, Grand Canyon National Park shut down for the first time in its history. It closed because of a federal budget deadlock between Congress and the White House. The park reopened on November 20.**

NATURE

Short Supply

Standing at just 7 inches, pygmy owls are small, and so are their numbers — in 2002, there were only 18 adults living in the wilds of Arizona.

THE FERRUGINOUS PYGMY OWL IS AT A CROSSROAD. Think of it as the owl version of the Battle of Waterloo. Like Napoleon, this 7-inch bird carries the fear of being mobbed and hassled by others in its species, but for the past 11 years, its real enemy hasn't been Russia, Great Britain or Austria, but rather, extinction.

Things are looking up, however, thanks to a new captive breeding program being administered by the Arizona Game and Fish Department. Now in its second year, the experimental program offers some hope for the survival of young owls, which have been dying as a result of drought and urban growth. Earlier this year, the program welcomed four new fledglings into the world.

A little smaller than a man's hand, the pygmy owl's size is deceiving — it doesn't even begin to hint at the bird's ferocious hunting habits. Unlike other owls, this little guy is diurnal, which means it's a bold daytime predator that attacks animals bigger than itself, including the turkeylike guan. Its primary diet, however, is made up of large insects, such as grasshoppers and scorpions.

There's a reason for its aggressive behavior. Lacking the fine structures needed to mute its flight, the owl relies on speed and deception while hunting its prey. In addition, because of its reddish-brown and cream color, the pygmy owl is easily spotted, and as a result, it's often ganged up on by smaller birds — the other birds consider the owl a threat to their own feeding abilities.

Despite its warlike lifestyle, the pygmy owl actually prefers the domestic ritual of living in male-female pairs, typically making its home inside saguaro cavities hollowed out by woodpeckers.


TOM VEZO

Ironically, it's the love of this environment — the arid Southwest — that landed the feathery fowl on the endangered species list in 1997. Because of prolonged droughts and the ever-expanding growth in Arizona's metropolitan areas, the birds' habitat is disappearing, and so are the birds. In fact, in 2002, the Arizona Game and Fish Department determined that the population had diminished to just 18 adult pygmy owls in the entire state.

Time will tell whether they fare any better than Napoleon, but this much is certain: Pygmy owls are fighters, and they know a thing or two about survival.

■ *Information: Arizona Game and Fish Department, 602-942-3000.*

— Kendall Wright

nature factoid

BUCKEYE BUTTERFLY

Butterflies face many threats, but the buckeye butterfly has a secret weapon to discourage potential predators. Eyespots on the buckeye's forewings and hindwings scare off would-be diners, as they mistake the large spots for the eyes of a much larger critter, giving new meaning to the expression: "A feast for the eyes."


BRUCE TAUBERT

JEFF KIDA

THINGS TO DO

Fiddling Around in Wickenburg

November 14-16: Wickenburg's 29th Annual Four Corner States Bluegrass Festival and Fiddle Championship takes place this month. Fiddle, band and vocal contests are featured, along with a pancake breakfast and kids zone, as well as the festival's signature guitar, mandolin, banjo and fiddle championships.

■ *Information: 928-684-5479 or wickenburgchamber.com.*

FRANK ZULLO

Stargazing in Flagstaff

November 26, 28-29: Celebrate Thanksgiving weekend at Flagstaff's Lowell Observatory. Special indoor programs and numerous telescopes will be set up for viewing, and on the 28th and 29th, the observatory will extend its daytime hours and offer a special tour that includes the Pluto Telescope dome.

■ *Information: 928-774-3358 or lowell.edu.*

Gila Bend Shrimp Fest

November 8-10: The Desert Shrimp Fest in Gila Bend marks its sixth year with a gourmet cooking contest, a shrimp-eating contest, live entertainment, arts and crafts, games, door prizes, and plenty of shrimp dishes.

■ *Information: 928-683-2255 or gilabendaz.org.*

DOUG HOCKING

Bisbee's Busy Weekend

November 28-29: Bisbee is busy the last weekend of November with three annual events: the Historic Home Tour, the Old Bisbee Holiday Bazaar and the Art Chairs of Bisbee Silent Auction. For the tour, residents — some dressed in period costumes — open their homes to reveal historic architecture, while Bisbee artists offer handmade arts and crafts during the annual holiday bazaar. For the silent auction, local artists offer chairs they've decorated in various media.

■ *Information: 520-432-3554 or discoverbisbee.com.*

Spanish Art at the Heard

November 8-9: The Heard Museum in Phoenix presents its 7th annual Spanish Market. Both renowned and emerging artists greet visitors as they display their work (ranging in price from $10 to $1,000), which includes tinwork, paintings, carvings, jewelry, furniture, pottery and more. Strumming mariachis and Southwestern cuisine add to the vibrant setting.

■ *Information: 602-252-8848 or heard.org.*

HEARD MUSEUM

Photography Workshop

October 28-November 1: Plan now to join *Arizona Highways* Photography Editor Jeff Kida in one of the West's most iconic landscapes, Monument Valley. During this Arizona Highways Photo Workshop, discover how to make stunning images of Navajoland's sweeping vistas.

■ *Information: 888-790-7042 or friendsofazhighways.com.* AH

Man vs. Wild

DON'T MESS WITH MOTHER NATURE.

It's a pretty simple rule. Respect her, and you should be OK. Still, there are times when lightning strikes without warning. That's how Mother Nature works. She'll throw all kinds of things at you — rattlesnakes, flash floods, blizzards. In the next 10 pages, we'll give you some tips on how to survive those scenarios and more. We'll also share the dramatic stories of three men who "made it out alive."

BY KELLY KRAMER

Summer lightning over Red Mountain in Scottsdale. Photograph by Steve Bruno

LIGHTNING STRIKES

When it comes to avoiding a lightning strike, rules do apply. Take, for example, the "30-30 Rule." According to the National Weather Service, the rule states: "When you see lightning, measure the time it takes to hear the thunder. If the time is 30 seconds or less, immediately head to a safer place. If you can't see the lightning, just hearing the thunder means lightning is likely within striking range. After the storm has dissipated or moved on, wait 30 minutes or more after hearing the last thunder before leaving the safer location." So, what do you do if you're in the wilderness and a safer location isn't readily available? According to the NWS, you should move from high ground to lower ground and assume the "lightning crouch": Put your feet together, tuck your head and cover your ears. If you're with a large group of people, spread out so there are several body lengths between each person, and avoid wide-open areas and tall, isolated objects.

HOW TO SURVIVE...

HIKING INJURIES

Even the most experienced hikers can roll an ankle or slip on a rocky trail. Take, for example, Scott Thybony. As the Colorado River guide was exploring a series of Supai formations in Arizona's backcountry, he had to maneuver across several cliffs and trek across some treacherous ledges. "About halfway across one cliff, I came to a ledge that looked solid," Thybony says, "but I began to roll. I pushed off and hoped to land safely, and ended up grabbing a boulder. My daypack smashed below." Although Thybony escaped relatively unscathed, there are several survival rules that every hiker — even the most experienced — should follow: Always tell someone where you plan to hike, and stick to that route; pack a first-aid kit, more water than you'll need, an extra layer of clothing, a mirror and a garbage bag — it can be used as a makeshift shelter; and try to hike with a companion. If you find yourself in a dangerous situation and without cell phone reception, use the mirror to signal for help or attract the attention of another hiker.

JEFF KIDA

The Essentials

Every outdoor adventurer needs a little help. Here are 11 survival essentials:

1. A positive attitude
2. Fuel to burn: food
3. Adequate hydration: water
4. Ability to stay warm and dry: clothing
5. Ability to get dry: shelter
6. Ability to get warm: fire
7. Know where you are going: navigation
8. Know the environment: weather
9. Ability to attract help: signaling for rescue
10. Ability to provide help: first-aid kit
11. Ability to obtain adequate sleep

Source: Cody Lundin, Aboriginal Living Skills School, alssadventures.com

DEHYDRATION

One of the main reasons people die from extreme exposure to heat is dehydration. According to Cody Lundin, founder and director of Aboriginal Living Skills School, that's why at least two or three extra gallons of water per person per day are necessary when traveling through the desert. If you do become stranded, Lundin recommends finding microclimates, such as north-facing canyon walls, trees and shade. "Shade can also be created with whatever one might have on hand, such as an opaque trash bag cut open to create more surface area," he says. "Clothing is the main shelter in hot climates; look at the Bedouin natives of the Middle East." To find water, low-lying areas that support some sort of vegetation are your best bets. Look for cattle trails, cow tanks, windmills and concentrations of birds. "However, none of those are foolproof," Lundin cautions. "Nothing trumps carrying water with you when you recreate in hot climates." Although hunger might raise its ugly head during a short-term desert survival scenario, you might want to resist the urge to eat. "No food should be eaten if water is scarce, because food uses metabolic water from the body to digest," Lundin says. "In other words, unless you happen to run across a watermelon crop, it's more than likely better to fast."

DAVID MUENCH

Sand dunes near Lukachukai on the Navajo Nation

Walhalla Plateau

KATE THOMPSON

HYPOTHERMIA

It's counterintuitive — the thought of freezing to death in Arizona, a state known for sunshine, sunburns and 100-degree days — but it happens, particularly in the mountains of Northern Arizona. Cody Lundin is the author of *98.6 Degrees: The Art of Keeping Your Ass Alive*. In the book, he recommends packing several simple items to avoid hypothermia, or low core body temperature, when traveling in Arizona's cold climates. Among the items Lundin recommends are chains and a shovel; car-repair supplies; extra clothing; water; rich, high-energy food; sleeping bags and blankets; and a brightly colored tarp. "Exposure can occur as a result of any number of factors," Lundin says, "from getting lost, to an injury, bad weather, unrealistic hiking timelines and Murphy's Law." When exploring the high country, be sure to wear or pack multiple layers of loose-fitting clothing, preferably made from wool or loosely woven cotton. And when hiking, go for warm, waterproof boots to prevent frostbite. If you're caught in a snowstorm, find native shelter under tree limbs and pine needles, and opt for dead vegetation, because it doesn't retain water like live vegetation — waterlogged vegetation feels cooler against the body.

SURVIVAL STORY No.1

SURVIVOR
Lon McAdam

SURVIVED
Stranded in the Wild

LON McADAM

KNEE DEEP **Awaiting rescue after shattering his kneecap while hiking, photographer Lon McAdam snaps a self-portrait.**

Lon McAdam has seen his fair share of extraordinary Arizona wilderness sites, from the Superstitions to the Grand Canyon to the Four Peaks. As a photographer, he draws his inspiration from David Muench, but as a hiker, he pulls from nature — from the state's colors and textures and, more divinely, from its offerings of silence and solitude.

In that spirit, McAdam embarked on a solo, nine-day journey to Rough Canyon, a trek that includes scrambling over boulder-strewn Superstition Wilderness trails and plenty of rigorous elevation climbs.

"My son and I have been exploring that area for years," McAdam says. "We've never seen another person on those trails. When my son couldn't make the trip, I decided to head out on my own."

Seven hours into the first day, McAdam had traveled 2 miles in and 1,400 feet up. It was a challenging few hours to say the least, but nothing McAdam wasn't used to.

"I had to go around a rock fall and come back to the creek," he says. "That's when I caught the tip of my boot." Although he didn't fall far, McAdam fell hard when his knee met a knee-high boulder. He knew immediately, he says, that his knee was shattered: "I will never forget that pain. I pulled up my pant leg, and I could see that the tendons were spread apart. My knee looked like a giant pill with a line right down the middle."

Although McAdam was carrying a satellite phone, he found himself under a dense canopy of trees and couldn't get a signal. He knew he was facing two problems: He was at the base of a fall of boulders, with his planned campsite about a quarter-mile up the trail, and his only water source was a small pool of water. A third problem: The Superstition Wilderness is bear country.

"I knew that I needed to get water, and I knew I had to get to an open spot to use the phone, so I threw the phone — uncovered — into my daypack, along with a Camelback to retrieve some water," McAdam says. That proved to be a mistake.

As he crawled through a stand of maples toward the water source, the Camelback leaked, saturating the phone. "I knew at that point that I was going to be out there for a week, so I put the phone on a rock to try to dry it out and kept crawling toward the water."

Then, McAdam fell again, and this time, he could hear his knee crunch. "It knocked me down," he says. "It hurt so much, so fast, but then the pain started to subside, so I dragged myself to the water, then climbed back to a rocky, makeshift camp."

Thanks to his experience, McAdam had planned well for this adventure. He'd left a detailed itinerary and route with his wife, and had plenty of food and extra layers of clothing. He knew, he says, that his wife would alert authorities when he didn't return.

He did what he could to get his food up off the ground, and away from the bears and ringtailed cats that would surely be drawn to its scent. He subsisted on nuts, crackers, instant oats and mashed potatoes, and homemade jerky. He tried — mostly without success — to make himself comfortable.

"I could only move inches at a time, and I couldn't take my boot or my clothes off," McAdam says. "I slept the best I could, but really it was only in 15 to 20 minute increments, then I'd have to move again."

After seven days, a helicopter came. As he predicted, when McAdam didn't return home, his wife contacted the local search and rescue unit, which flew a sheriff's department helicopter down from Flagstaff, and at 2:45 p.m. on April 16 — seven days and 45 minutes after he broke his kneecap alone in the wilderness — McAdam was rescued.

"I knew that I was in good shape in terms of supplies, and I knew that my wife would do the right thing," he says. "I was really concerned about infection, but to keep myself busy, I took photographs when I felt up to it. The rescuers said those types of rescue operations normally turn into body retrieval. They said I stayed alive because of a positive mental attitude, and I know that's true."

McAdam's knee was indeed shattered in two, but now, more than a year later, he says he's "healed up pretty good. In fact, I just came back from hiking up Humphreys Peak. I'm a little slower now, but I'll keep going."

Ruby Rapid in the Grand Canyon

KERRICK JAMES

CAPSIZING

Donnie Dove knows a thing or two about whitewater rafting. With more than 28 years of rafting experience, and as owner of Flagstaff's Canyon Rio Rafting, he also knows a thing or two about the spills that go hand-in-hand with the adventure. "The general rule of thumb if your raft tips is 'nose and toes upward,'" Dove says. He recommends keeping your feet out of the water as much as possible and your arms at your sides for stabilization. "Finish riding out the rapids and then look for whatever's closest and safest to help you get out of the water," he adds.

Mazatzal Mountains

RICHARD WEBB

CACTUS COLLISIONS

If ever there were a misnomer, it's the teddybear cholla cactus. Known for its barbed spines that have a tendency to "jump" onto clothing and skin, this desert plant might be fuzzy, but it's certainly not cuddly. Saguaro National Park is home to countless chollas, as well as the park's namesake, the saguaro. Park rangers there recommend that adventurers carry a large comb and tweezers to remove cactus spines that become embedded in skin. Slide the comb between the spine and your body, and then quickly flick the comb. The spine should dislodge, although sometimes it's necessary to employ tweezers to remove bits of spine left behind. Chollas aren't poisonous, but thoroughly wash any affected areas with soap and water as soon as possible to help prevent infection.

Survival Traits

The following personality traits were fairly common among those who lived when faced with life-threatening events:

- The ability to remain calm and collected
- The ability to improvise and adapt
- The ability to make decisions
- The ability to endure hardship
- The ability to figure out the thoughts of others
- The ability to hope for the best and prepare for the worst
- The ability to maintain a sense of humor

Source: Cody Lundin, Aboriginal Living Skills School, alssadventures.com

BEAR ENCOUNTERS

Black bear

WILLIAM BARCUS

Black bears are pretty smart. They know they need to eat — a lot — so they flock to where there's food. Usually, that means people come into contact with bears where there are enough hot dogs, marshmallows and baked beans to go around. Campgrounds would be a good example. Although black bear activity in the state is most prevalent during the summer, encountering a lumbering, ursine growler is a possibility year-round. If you do, the Arizona Game and Fish Department recommends that you stand still, no matter how tempting it might be to run. Instead, face the bear, stay calm and slowly back away. Make yourself look larger, as well, and make loud noises to frighten the bear away. To prevent encounters, secure all food containers tightly and store them away from tents and sleeping areas. Remove all garbage and keep a clean camp.

BOBCAT ATTACKS

Most of the time, bobcats want as little to do with you as you want to do with them. But there are occasions, and they can be scary, when rabid bobcats can become bold. The Arizona Game and Fish Department estimates that individual bobcats defend a territory of one to 12 square miles. Typically, the cats can be identified by their tails, which are short, with a black tip on the top side, and they're usually found in rimrock and chaparral areas. The cats are fond of small shady places, and often make their dens in crevices and under thick brush. Be cautious of these areas when you're exploring. If you do encounter one, make yourself as large as possible and start screaming — most bobcats will be frightened by loud noise. If the animal attacks, fight back, striking at the animal's eyes and head with rocks, sticks or your bare hands.

Bobcat

TOM VEZO

RATTLESNAKE BITES

TOM VEZO

Western diamondback rattlesnake

If Russ Johnson has a phobia, it's not of the herpeto variety. As president of the Phoenix Herpetological Society, he's all too familiar with the slitherers, sliders and sidewinders that call the desert home. And, as such, he's also seen his fair share of bites. "A number of bites occur in the desert due to alcohol," Johnson says. "Drunks start playing around with snakes and get bit. Many bites occur at night when people step outside without turning on a light, or go for a walk without a light. They get too close and the snakes defend themselves." So, what's a person to do if they encounter a rattling reptile? Johnson says the best thing to do is to walk slowly in the other direction. "Very few rattlers can strike within the distance of a long adult stride, so it takes little effort to get out of harm's way." If you are bitten, keep the affected area still. Do not, however, use a tourniquet to reduce blood flow or use ice to cool the bite. Instead, keep the affected area low, below the heart, and remove all jewelry before any swelling begins. Do not lance the bite or try to remove any venom, but do make your way to the nearest hospital as soon as possible.

Risk Factors

While there are no guarantees in a survival situation, proper planning, coupled with quality survival training and subsequent practice, will help prevent many of these risk factors from occurring in the first place.

- Anxiety and fear (these two, when mixed with the power of the imagination, can be killers)
- Pain and injury
- Illness
- Cold and heat
- Thirst and hunger
- Wetness
- Fatigue and sleep deprivation
- Boredom
- Loneliness and isolation
- Complacency and the desire for comfort
- Stubbornness (refusal to recognize and stop actions jeopardizing survival)
- Promises (unrealistic guarantees made to self or others leading to stupid behavior)
- "Get-home-itis" (setting and trying to maintain unrealistic time lines)

Source: Cody Lundin, Aboriginal Living Skills School, alssadventures.com

J.T. THOMAS

Craig Childs' familiarity with the Southwest is based quite primitively on his love of it. As the author of such books as *The Secret Knowledge of Water: Discovering the Essence of the American Desert* (Back Bay Books, 2001), *House of Rain: Tracking a Vanished Civilization Across the American Southwest* (Little, Brown and Co., 2007) and, most recently, *The Animal Dialogues: Uncommon Encounters in the Wild* (Little, Brown and Co., 2007), he's had ample opportunity to explore the region and its sometimes perilous terrain. What's more, Childs lives off the grid in Colorado, a choice he made because "it feels good."

"I don't fool myself about it. Living remotely is not a preservation of resources," Childs says. "When somebody says they live off the grid, it usually means they have to drive a long way to get anywhere. I'm there because I do well where I can step outside and not see a mass of humanity around me, where the world is more primal and elemental. It's not an escape. When I want an escape, I go to the city, dazzled by lights and restaurants. But farther away, at the edges of civilization, I find a manner of peace. I'm reminded of how old the world is, how brief human life is here. Nature shows me how to move and behave. I better know my place in the world."

And on that journey through global posturing, Childs has had plenty of opportunities to test his grit, like the time he came face-to-face with a mountain lion in Arizona's Blue Range.

"A big male circled behind me at a water hole," he remembers. "It walked toward me with an unerring sense of purpose, as if it was going to walk straight through me, and it stopped about 10 feet away. We faced each other for quite a while as it paced just out of my reach, trying to get around behind me. I survived the encounter, I believe, by looking in the cat's eyes, facing it dead-on, no matter where it went. There are rules about animal encounters, and one is to never make eye contact. At the same time, you've got to go with gut instinct — not the one that says run, but the deeper instinct, the one that says engage. That doesn't necessarily mean engage in a conflict, but engage in a relationship. Treat the animal as a thinking, breathing equal, and figure out what to do from there. Just like with a person, some you would look in the eye, and some you would not. Animals are the same."

Over the years, there have been mountain lions and grizzlies, as well as other, more self-induced survival scenarios for Childs. Among others, he's had a foothold snap while hiking along a cliff. He's plunged under the surface during a flash flood. He's even put a canoe into a flash flood current in Phoenix, something he says was perhaps the most foolish thing he's ever done.

"For a while it was serene, paddling down the streets in North Phoenix, waving to onlookers," he muses. "Then I decided to follow it out, and I was shot into the city's storm drain network. It had been an impulse. I grabbed the canoe out of my father's backyard and jumped on."

Through it all, Childs has had an overwhelming sense of calm. "Personally, I feel survival is instinct more than knowledge," he says. "Certainly, experience helps a great deal, but more than anything, it's the ability to keep moving and maintaining a level head in difficult situations, knowing there's always — or almost always — a way out.

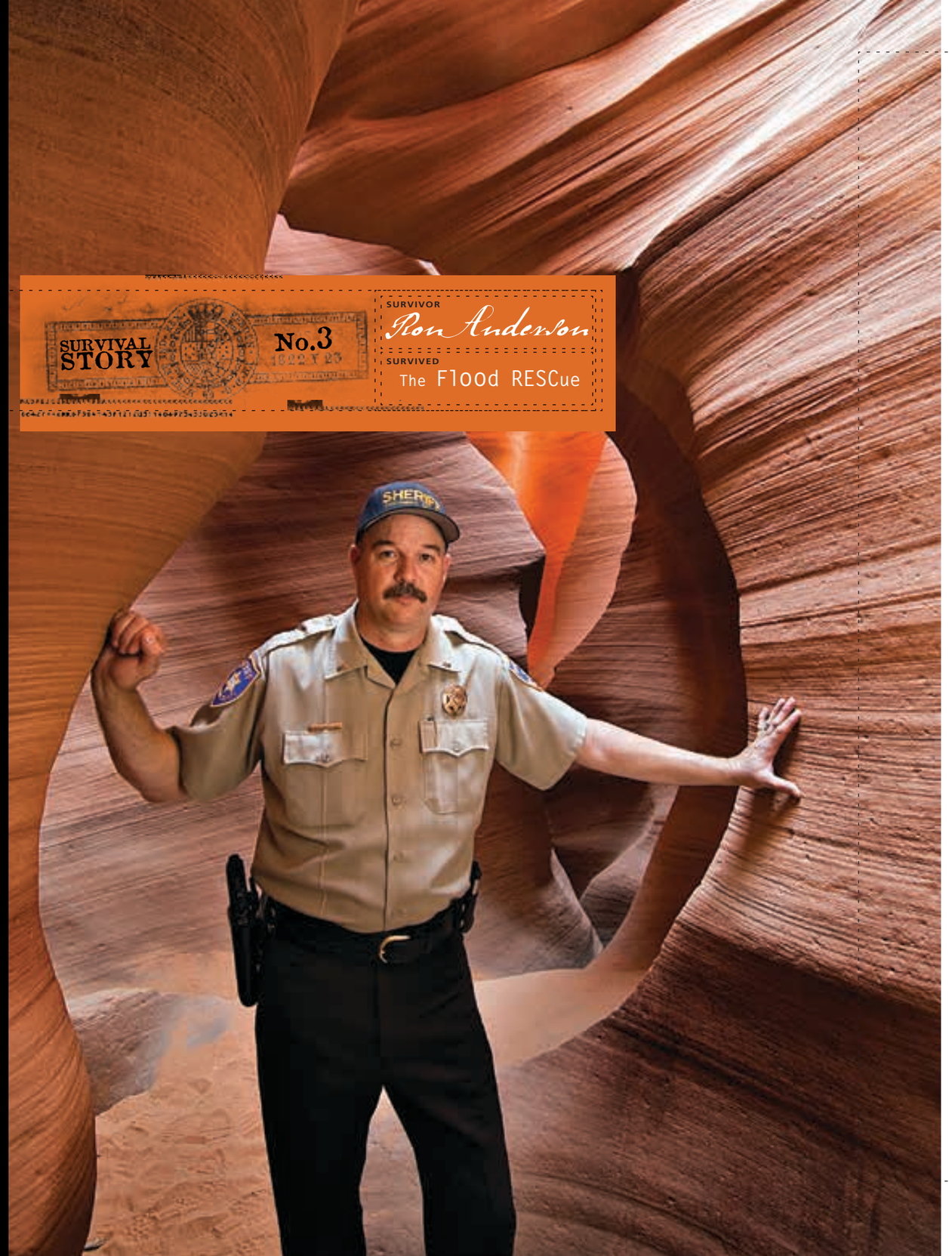
"You can cry and break down later. But in the moment, be ready for whatever comes next."

FLASH FLOODS

Sabino Creek

RANDY PRENTICE

Washes, ravines and canyons contribute to the state's stunning scenery, but they have the potential to become as treacherous as they are beautiful. And although monsoon season brings much needed rain to the desert, it also brings dangerous flash floods. "Flash floods are prevalent at certain times of year in areas that are prone to funneling large amounts of water — based on topography — into focused areas, such as arroyos, canyons and drainages," Lundin says. To avoid being swept away, Lundin recommends little more than common sense. In addition to steering clear of trouble areas during the monsoon season, he says that recognition of topography plays a key role in knowing when you're in a trouble spot and when to get out of it. The bottom line, though, is that canyon hikers should look and listen. "If you see water start to flow where things were once dry, or hear an increasingly loud noise that sounds like a freight train, get to high ground immediately," Lundin says. "Don't camp in low-lying areas such as sandy washes. Narrow canyons that cover miles and miles of drainage and offer few routes for retreat are death wishes during the rainy season." If you're swept up in a sudden current, stay on your back and point your toes downstream. As soon as the water calms, look for the safest spot to swim ashore.



On August 12, 1997, 11 tourists perished when a flash flood in Antelope Canyon, near Page, swept them away. The lone survivor, tour guide Francisco "Poncho" Quintana, earned that designation by staying on his back and pointing his feet downstream. He was rescued by members of the Coconino County Sheriff's Department, as well as tour operator Kenny Young, who risked their own safety to save the tour guide from the raging water.

Here, in his own words, Ron Anderson, a lieutenant and commander with the Page Fredonia substation of the Coconino County Sheriff's Office, describes the rescue effort:

"The call came in around 4:40 p.m. on the afternoon of August 12. The first responder was a deputy, Monty McKnight, who immediately contacted me. The Antelope Canyon area is only 3 miles from Page, so the response was within five to seven minutes.

"When I crossed the highway bridge separating the upper and lower canyons, there was a large amount of water coming through — more than I'd ever seen. When I got to the parking area of Lower Antelope Canyon, there was a lot of confusion. I had a van full of tourists screaming and crying, pleading with me to save friends who were down in the canyon. Several other people were on the canyon edge in shock. It was mass chaos at that point. People were running around everywhere.

"I contacted Deputy McKnight, who had determined that there were several people down in the canyon, where a 10-foot wall of water, mud, debris, rocks and bushes came through the bridge with no warning, then covered the 175-yard distance to the slot [canyon] in a matter of seconds. Bystanders tried running down to warn the people in the slot, but it was too late.

"I received word that the Antelope Canyon tour owner found a survivor. I immediately went to that location, which was about a quarter-mile downstream, on a rock outcropping. The force of the water tore Poncho Quintana's clothes completely off. He was bruised and battered and he had silt under his eyelids and couldn't open them. I interviewed him, and he said the people he was with were still down in the canyon. We were also able to judge from tour operators' sign-in sheets that there were more people in the canyon, as well as from calls from the Page Police Department. The total number was 11.

"Poncho was holding several people in the canyon against the walls, trying to get to higher ground when one of the victims was swept through. That victim grabbed [the others], causing everyone to get swept away. Poncho, through his prior swift-water training, kept his head and legs up, and protected his head with his arms. He fought the current and was able to get into a rock with a crack that he shoved his foot into. He pulled himself up and collapsed on top.

"The water didn't stop for almost 12 hours straight. The initial search and recovery efforts comprised 70 people the first day, and major risks were the terrain and the raging water in the canyon. Nobody could have predicted what happened. The thunderstorms in the West are nothing like the storms in the East and the rest of the world. Flash flooding is a Western thing — due to the makeup of the terrain. In the slot canyon, the ladder system consisted of homemade timbers and extension ladders that were all swept away when the first wave of water hit. There was no warning system in place, and the storm that caused the flood happened 7 miles away."

Today, 11 years after the fatal flood, Anderson says that ladder systems have been bolted to the rock in Antelope Canyon. Cargo nets, too, are in strategic places on top, and can be deployed in seconds. The National Weather Service radio is stationed at the fee booth, and an alarm horn is now operational in the canyon. "All tours are now guided," Anderson says. "All guides are trained in what to do in the event of a flash flood. In this country of canyons, always take the high ground, and always look for an escape route." AH

CANYON CATASTROPHE **Ron Anderson revisits normally serene Antelope Canyon, where 11 years ago, he helped rescue the sole survivor from a fatal flash flood.**

A PORTFOLIO

ROCKS *in a* HARD PLACE

By Jack Dykinga

Rugged and remote is a good way to describe the Dos Cabezas Mountains in Southeastern Arizona. They're so inaccessible there aren't any established hiking trails in the surrounding wilderness. There is a picnic area, though, and it comes with spectacular views of the little-known Indian Bread Rocks. In this month's portfolio, we'll give you a glimpse of what you've been missing.

STORM STORY **A pool of rainwater is flanked by granite boulders at the Indian Bread Rocks Picnic Area, the gateway to the Dos Cabezas Mountains Wilderness in Southeastern Arizona (preceding panel, pages 24-25).**
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

COBBLED STONES **Fractured by the forces of nature and the passage of time, an Indian Bread Rocks boulder (above) delights the eyes with a cobblestone pattern of color and texture.**

IMAGINATION STATION **Light and shadows playing on rough-hewn surfaces (right) entice the imagination to see animated spirits among the rocks.**
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

ROCKS

ROCKS

RADIANT DAYBREAK **A golden sunrise throws Indian Bread Rocks' balancing act into stark panoramic shadow.**

To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

HEADS IN THE CLOUDS **Descending fog enshrouds the Dos Cabezas foothills (left) with melancholy mystery, encroaching on a boulder-strewn foreground punctuated with prickly pear cactuses and spiky sotols.**
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

DANGER! **In early morning light, prickly pear cactus spines, called "glochids," send a sharp warning to intruders on the 11,700-acre Wilderness area.**
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

ROCKS

AGAINST THE CURRENT

If Hemingway had written a book about river guides, Martin Litton would have been the main character. He's gritty, he's anachronistic and he's been running the Colorado since the 1950s. More importantly, he's been an absolutist when it comes to protecting the Canyon — a position that hasn't always been popular. Recently, on the dawn of his tenth decade, he made his final voyage down the river, and he let us tag along.

By Brad Dimock ♦ Photographs by Kate Thompson

"Well, I'm sorry I'm not deteriorating at the rate I'm supposed to," mutters Martin Litton, sitting on a sand beach on the floor of the Grand Canyon. It's unusual to see Colorado River travelers over the age of 80, but Martin rowed his own dory through the Canyon at the age of 82. Five years later he rowed most of the major rapids, including Lava Falls. On this trip, having mellowed the teensiest bit, he's sharing the oars with his sons Johnny and Don. Litton is now 90.

Martin Litton is no stranger to the Grand Canyon. He first peered over the rim in 1939 on a weekend trip from the Wigwam Resort in Litchfield Park, where he was working as a publicity man. "It never occurred to me when I first looked over the edge that I'd ever go on the river. Nobody was going on the river then — you might as well go to the North Pole." But in the early '50s, writing for the *Los Angeles Times*, he clambered down 2,000 feet of cinders to photograph Mexican Hat Expeditions negotiating Lava Falls. By 1955, he was rowing the Grand Canyon in a fiberglass cataract boat with P.T. "Pat" Reilly, an early river man.

In 1962, Litton imported Oregon drift boats — or dories — to the Grand Canyon. In spite of the logistical advantages of inflatable boats, which already dominated whitewater travel, Litton opted for the elegant, if anachronistic, dory.

"Well, there's a mystic thing about a dory, to those of us who know them," Litton says. "The dory is an ancient design; it goes back into antiquity. It has lines that belong on the water. I feel that anyone who looks at a dory and then has to ask why you use that, will never understand, no matter what kind of an answer you give."

By 1970, Litton, who never sought to become a professional boatman, had formed his own river company, Grand Canyon Dories, which was incorporated in 1971. "It was an accident," he claims. He'd been working as senior editor at *Sunset* magazine when, as former colleague Bob Wenkam remembers, "He finally said, 'I quit!' — too loud — in front of too many people." With his writing career at a standstill, Litton took to the river.

Although many in the Grand Canyon know him for his magnificent dories, his true legacy is far greater. It's his lifelong leadership as an environmental champion that overshadows all else. Some even credit him — although he stoutly denies it — with saving the Grand Canyon.

■ ■ ■

This trip includes an eclectic mix: In addition to the three Littons, there are friends, fans, photographers and a few others along for the ride. Veteran doryman Andy Hutchinson revels in riding with Litton: "Just watching him at the oars … he's most poised when not actually rowing, but just sitting there, floating, telling stories. Then dropping into the big rapids of the gorge with Don at the oars, I'm just watching 'Dad' riding the stern hatch through the hugest of waves, like an old cowboy on his favorite pony."

I asked Litton how he came to his environmental ethic. He spoke of outings in the Sierras as a child, which led to later exploration on his own.

"I didn't like a lot of roads on the map. I wanted some empty space. I wanted a frontier, you know — not just for adventure, but because that part of the world would be unmarked, wherever it might be. When you'd look at a map of the Mojave Desert and see these roads crisscrossing all over it — to me that was terrible. And the idea that they'd be crossing the Sierras and chopping up the longest of all our wildernesses was anathema to me."

In college, Litton sharpened his pen and began his lifelong crusade. "I thought everybody ought to care about how beautiful the world was. And as far as I knew, everybody did. It never occurred to me to do anything except what you're impelled to do, feel, express." Perhaps he misread the mood of his fellow humans — otherwise there'd be 300 million environmental zealots in the United States. No, Litton is unique, homegrown and original. And his ethic was there from the beginning.

Writing for *Arizona Highways* in the February 1948 issue, Litton cautioned about a new road into the Kofa Mountains: "There has come the need for protection of the area from damage by humans." He pointed out that although the surrounding barren desert might make for great resort development, "instead, the bright lights after dark are the stars — thousands of stars, big and little, like silver nuggets and silver dust strewn thickly over the black sky — an inspiring sight best seen from a sleeping bag, with music provided by far-off coyotes."

Three years later, in the December issue of *Arizona Highways*, he described artist Jimmy Swinnerton's landscapes: "His subject is Nature; he makes no attempt to improve on it; it is all he needs and wants on his canvasses. Nature, where man has not interfered, is always sublime; mankind's interference is always crass and ugly."

Onward Litton marched, launching battles from the *L.A. Times*, then *Sunset*, where he continually rankled his publisher as he crafted subtly persuasive stories against development, slipping in pictures of clear-cuts and four-lane roads ripping through the redwoods. Feigning innocence, Martin asks, "Why would the public misinterpret my happy message and go into massive fits of outrage that are said to have led to the death of the freeway program in northwestern California and paved the way for the creation of Redwood National Park?" Why indeed.

Dig very deeply into almost any environmental issue in the West and you'll run into Martin Litton. He was a warrior for the redwoods and a staunch defender of Sequoia and Kings Canyon national parks — all in California. He's a veteran of many battles across the West — some won, some lost. When the Bureau of Reclamation proposed damming the Green and Yampa rivers in the early 1950s, threatening to flood Dinosaur National Monument, Litton, still at the *L.A. Times*, was there.

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN Martin Litton mans the oars near the Marble Canyon dam site in the Grand Canyon.

RACONTEUR In Marble Canyon, Litton pauses to tell a story as Don Litton, Jeri Ledbetter and Mark Fraser listen in.

TRUE GRIT **Litton confronts Colorado River rapids and champions the Canyon's cause with the same passion.**

"I began to take it upon myself to cover this situation," he recalls. "I did a number of heavily illustrated articles that took up major space in the paper. They were very, very one-sided. That is, they told the right side. And David Brower — the Sierra Club executive director at that time — saw these things and got in touch with me and wanted me to be in the club." Brower — whose environmental advocacy would later earn him the title of "Archdruid" — fast-tracked Litton onto the board.

They fought hard, they fought dirty at times, and they beat the dam at Dinosaur. On a Yampa River trip a few years ago, Litton recalled the battle, describing how he wrote stories for the *Weekly Reader*, encouraging children to write their congressman and oppose the dam. "They could say 'no' to the average citizen," Litton explained, "but how could they say 'no' to a child?" As he spoke, a woman on the trip broke into tears. "I wrote one of those letters," she said. With the still-wild Yampa flowing past their feet, Litton beamed.

The victory at Dinosaur, however, came with a large loss. A last-minute compromise allowed both Flaming Gorge and Glen Canyon dams to be built. Then, in the 1960s, Arizona began to push for two more dams on the Colorado — both in the Grand Canyon. The Sierra Club's stance was woeful, Litton recalls:

"'The club must be adamant,' a former president of the club had said. 'We must insist that there be elevators in the dams so that tourists can access the wonderful new trout fishing that will be formed below.' Well, that sent me into a fit of rage, and I stood up and expressed myself. And Brower gives me credit for causing the vote to go not for the elevators, but against any and all dams in the Grand Canyon."

It wasn't just Brower who saw Litton's fiery speech as the tipping point. The result was a rout for the proponents of the dams: Brower was unleashed, conservation groups across the country were enlisted, and a grand battle ensued. The Sierra Club's full-page newspaper ad — countering the Bureau's claim to be "opening the Grand Canyon for more to see" — was headlined: "Should we also flood the Sistine Chapel so tourists can get nearer the ceiling?" The American public was outraged, and, after a long, fierce struggle, both dams were removed from the Central Arizona Project. "The Grand Canyon is holy, you know," Litton says. "In the public's eye, the Grand Canyon should not be fooled around with."

Litton was notorious, not just for getting the board to change its mind, but also for getting Brower himself to about-face on critical issues. "Some people get the kudos," Brower wrote, "and others, out of inequity, don't. Martin Litton is due most of those addressed to me in error. For more years than I will ever admit, he's been my conservation conscience."

I once asked Brower if Litton's Grand Canyon dam speech had been a set-up, if he'd prepared Litton to speak. Brower laughed out loud and said, "You don't have to prime Martin to make a speech."

I still have a phone message he left me in 2001. Litton was relating details of an upcoming trip when he paused, midsentence, and said, "I suppose you're all out reveling over just having heard our wonderful new president make a 13-minute inaugural speech without once mentioning the United States of America. [pause] The land we live on. [pause] The land, which made us rich. [pause] And which we're pouring, dumping down the drain." One more pause and Martin Litton finished what he'd called about and hung up.

In 1985, Litton was to speak to a group of river guides in Flagstaff. An environmental impact study was under way on the downstream effects of Glen Canyon Dam on the Grand Canyon ecosystem. Before Litton was to speak, former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt explained the multifaceted process, encouraging all sides to participate, to give and take. In a spirit of compromise, Babbitt said, we would arrive at a fair and just result.

Litton shambled to the podium and flung his prepared notes to the floor, muttering unintelligibly, glaring. "Compromise?" he bellowed. "Did he just say COMPROMISE? How the hell do you think we ended up with Glen Canyon Dam in the first place? We COMPROMISED!" He launched into an eloquent disquisition about following your heart, about fighting for what you believe, about never giving one bloody inch. He brought the crowd to its feet.

"If you start off with a willingness to compromise, you've given up, you've lost. Even though the final result, in most cases, is a compromise, it's a compromise that was reached between two sides, each of which was adamant, and was not going to give in. It was once said in a Sierra Club publication that the only way we'd ever accomplished anything was through compromise and accommodation. That's exactly the opposite of the truth. The only way the Sierra Club ever won anything was by refusing to compromise — Grand Canyon dams, Redwood National Park — you can go right back through the whole list. When we compromised, we lost."

■ ■ ■

Too many — especially to his opponents — Litton's stance seems unrealistic. That doesn't bother him. "Never ask for what's reasonable," he says, "only for what's right." Nor do Litton's tactics always charm his opponents. "I believe in playing as dirty as they do, or worse," he says shamelessly. "If the end is a noble one, let the chips fall where they may. We certainly aren't sorry that we kept the dams out of the Grand Canyon, and if we lied to do it, fine." The cause trumps all, and the Grand Canyon is plenty noble.

"There are reasons why the river should be natural. One is the joy of running on a natural river, knowing you're as close to nature as you can be. And the other is — whether we run it or not — nature has its right. It has a right to be here, untrammeled, unfettered. Man doesn't have to screw everything up, and yet we go out of our way to do so. Greed is the motive, and it's important to frustrate greed. We're all greedy for one thing or another, but some of our desires are on a higher plane.

"We have no right to change this place. Do we have a right even to interrupt nature, even for a short time? To exterminate species? To kill the last fly? That's not really our right. We're the aberration on Earth — humans are what's wrong with the world. And it shouldn't show down here [along the Colorado River].

"The best way for people to understand how important it is to have the bottom of the Grand Canyon preserved, and have its aquatic life saved, and its riparian zone with the beauty that's there, kept, is perhaps to have them on that river and let them feel the way it stirs and rumbles and moves you along at its own pace, and to sense the kind of 'life' the river has. It has a tremendous force and appeal that I can't describe.

"And the memory of the majesty of the Grand Canyon — what it does to their lives to be away from their routines for a while — even a short while. They begin to realize there's something more in the world than their tiny little bit of it. The experience has somehow opened their eyes to something bigger and greater in life. They understand the whole universe better because of having been in the Grand Canyon and isolated from other things and having time to think. A river trip has been called 'a voyage of life.'"

■ ■ ■

At Blacktail Canyon the group hikes up into the narrows. On a smooth gravel floor Litton stands, arms crossed, white hair waving crazily against the swirling, billion-and-a-half-year-old black schist. Overhead, Tapeats sandstone layers jut out, baffling the sounds, and deepening the reflected sunlight. Boatman Jeri Ledbetter plays her guitar to the rich acoustics. A small crowd of river and Canyon lovers watches silently as she sings a Dan Fogelberg classic:

"The leader of the band is tired and his eyes are growing old.
But his blood runs through my instrument, and his song is in my soul.
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man.
I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band."

■ ■ ■

Most 90-year-olds are not running the Grand Canyon, and most have left behind the battles of life for an armchair, a hospital bed, or a grassy plot. Although he sold his river company 20 years ago, Martin Litton still has too much to do. For the past two decades, his passion has been the great sequoia forests of California. Five years after all logging in Giant Sequoia National Monument was to have been stopped, it's still in high gear.

"Here we have our land — not privately owned — owned by us!" Litton says. "We should take care of it. We should make the rules. We need to get this place into the national park system. To have history look upon us not as destroyers, but as saviors of something … we'd better act now."

It's hard to rest with the indefatigable Martin Litton still charging ahead. Winding up a phone call with him recently, I complimented his defiance, his stamina, his unwavering belief.

"Well," he said, "you've still got to try and save the Earth, even though we know it's hopeless — it's too late." He paused. "But that's when great, heroic things are done — when you're going down with the ship." AH

Last Stop!

By Sam Lowe – Photographs by Richard Maack

Long before there were Home Depots, there were train depots. Back then, in the heyday of rail travel, the clicking of telegraphs and the belching of steam engines were commonplace at the 60 stations around Arizona. Today, fewer than 40 depots remain, and most of them are being used for something other than shuttling passengers.

Southern Beauty The Douglas depot offers an example of grand railroad architecture of the late 1800s and early 1900s. Now utilized as the town's police station, the building underwent a complete renovation that included conserving the depot's original stained-glass ceiling.

Train depots are nearly a thing of the past. Go back in history, though, and you'll find they were the hubs of community activity. And we're not talking about just old Westerns and episodes of *Bonanza*. Real-life places like Flagstaff, Prescott, Wickenburg and Patagonia all had depots that served as portals to and from the rest of the world.

Back then, depots were exciting and mysterious places filled with the sounds of little brass devices clicking out messages to be decoded by men wearing gold watches attached to gold chains tucked into the pockets of their navy blue vests.

At a depot, strangers from faraway places once peered through the windows of the *Sunset Limited*, while the locomotives steamed and belched and filled their iron bellies with coal and water. Of course, the passengers inside the cars never looked directly at the people on the platform. Rather, they cast indifferent glances, as though they were royalty surveying their subjects.

Then, as the train pulled out with a snort and a whistle blast, the locals were left to wonder if someone famous had just studied them through the window of the passenger train.

During the heyday of train travel, depots had ambience: the telegraph clicking messages that only the chosen few could decipher; the aroma of the special oil that kept the hardwood floors shiny; the wooden benches with armrests strategically placed to discourage full-length depot napping. These days, much of that is gone.

And, in many instances, the depots themselves are gone. Years ago, there were almost 60 train stations in Arizona. Now, fewer than 40 remain, and only a couple of them function in their original roles. Many depots were torn down when passenger trains stopped serving their towns. Some historic depots were moved and recycled. Some were left in their original locations and reborn as office space. But most were abandoned and left to await uncertain fates — the ravages of bulldozers, developers or time. A few Arizona depots fit into each of those categories.

The Flagstaff depot sits along Route 66, and it's one of the few places left where passengers can buy a ticket for a real train ride, as opposed to an excursion junket. Built in 1926, the Tudor-style building contained a general waiting area on one side and a women's and children's area on the other. The Flagstaff Visitors Center now occupies the former segregated area; Amtrak's ticket office is in the other half.

All Aboard A freight train passes by the Flagstaff depot (above), one of the few Amtrak train stations in Arizona. The Willcox depot (opposite page) was rescued from demolition by the town's citizens, and it now houses Willcox City Hall.

The city's original depot was composed of an old boxcar. Construction on the new station was started in 1925 by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. It was repainted in 2002, and now wears its original colors of green and gray.

Train buffs who feel deprived unless they buy a ticket in an authentic old depot might also find satisfaction in Williams, where the ticket window for the Grand Canyon Railway is located in the Williams depot, built in 1908. The station and the adjoining Fray Marcos Hotel were part of the famed Harvey House chain that once stretched along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway line from San Francisco to Chicago.

The depot gets heavy use because the Grand Canyon Railway carries more than 200,000 excursion passengers every year. While they wait for the "all aboard," passengers browse the gift shop and railroad museum, or the old steam locomotive outside.

Those who ride the railway to the Canyon are taking part in a rare depot doubleheader, because they exit the train at another historic station. The Grand Canyon depot, built in 1910, is a two-story log structure, one of just three of its kind in the nation, and the only one still in use. The depot's original plans were referenced during a restoration project completed in 2003.

At the southern end of the state, the former Douglas depot, a magnificent old building, looks like it belongs in Europe, perhaps as a villa in Tuscany or on an estate in the English countryside. Instead, it serves as the city's police station. The building stands in its original location, but the tracks have been removed.

Built in 1914, the depot was abandoned when rail service to Douglas ended, then sat vacant for several years before undergoing a major restoration and conversion. Inmates from a nearby prison provided the labor. Although the interior no longer resembles a railroad depot, it's worth a visit to look at the high stained-glass ceiling.

The old depot in Wickenburg was saved by the locals, and now serves the community in another role. The depot was built in 1895, but was scheduled for demolition until the citizenry raised $80,000 to acquire and restore it. Now it houses the Wickenburg Chamber of Commerce and a visitors center that averages 35,000 visitors a year. The loading dock had to be removed for safety reasons, but the wood was salvaged and turned into a large conference table for the chamber office.

The railroad arrived in Prescott in 1886, but it took another 21 years before the city got a depot. The wait was worth it, though, because the train station is a classic example of Southwestern architecture. It was built in 1907 by the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad, also known as "The Peavine," because of the way the tracks twisted and turned through the mountains.

The building, a Mission Revival-style structure with a poured concrete barrel roof, was last used for railroad purposes in 1988. Later, it was home to a small shopping arcade, and now it's an office complex.

A more fitting destiny befell the former Southern Pacific/Union Pacific depot in Tucson. Part of it has been converted into a railroad museum, while another

section sells passenger train tickets.

The railroad came to Tucson in 1880, but the depot, also a Mission Revival-style structure, wasn't finished until 1907. The building was enlarged in 1941, then put up for sale in 1993. Five years later, the city paid $2.1 million for the property, which now houses the Southern Arizona Transportation Museum, Amtrak offices and a restaurant.

In Phoenix, there's hope that a similar fate awaits the city's grand old Union Station. Built in 1923 by the Arizona Eastern Railroad, it's one of the finest examples of Mission Revival architecture in the Valley of the Sun. During its golden era, an average of 18 passenger trains stopped at the depot daily, serving more than 100,000 riders a year.

However, in 1995, passenger service was discontinued — just 21,495 people used it that year. Grandiose visions of converting the depot into art galleries, boutiques or restaurants have never materialized, and now it's owned by a telecommunications company and is surrounded by a chain-link fence topped with razor wire. There's hope, however. The downtown area where the building sits is undergoing major redevelopment, and the city and the current owners have held initial talks aimed at possible restoration. Time will tell.

On a smaller scale is the Skull Valley Museum, housed in a little red depot that was originally located in Cherry Creek, but was moved to Skull Valley in 1926. Passenger service was discontinued in 1962, and the Santa Fe Railroad donated the depot to the Skull Valley Historical Society in 1970.

Inside, the musty smell of old wood permeates railroad artifacts, faded newspaper clippings and photographs of stiffly posed people wearing their Sunday best. Some of the walls still bear graffiti from as long ago as 1911. The museum is open only occasionally, but those who stop at the nearby Skull Valley General Store can usually find someone who has a key.

In Patagonia and Willcox, civic involvement in depot matters was elevated to the highest level. The old train station in Patagonia is now the town hall, and Willcox City Hall resides in a renovated depot.

The Southern Pacific Railroad built the Patagonia depot around 1905, and it served as a passenger facility until the early 1960s. The town acquired it, refurbished it, and brought it up to federal standards in order to use federal grant funds. The exterior still looks like a depot, but the interior looks like town offices. Depot fans who want to see it for themselves must visit during office hours — 8 a.m. to noon on weekdays.

In a scenario befitting the Old West, the citizens of Willcox rode to the rescue of their beloved depot, built by the Southern Pacific in 1880 or 1881, and now the only remaining original redwood framed station in Arizona.

The depot was threatened with demolition when passenger service ended, but, after a public outcry, the railroad sold it to the city for $1, with the stipulation that it be moved to allow for the addition of new tracks. Using donations and grants, the city got the job done. Most of the interior is used for city business, but the lobby is now a mini-museum where a short historical video narrated by the late Rex Allen, a cowboy movie star and Willcox native, runs continuously.

In several cases, old depots serve new purposes. The 1901 model in Clifton is a visitors center. In Tempe, there's one in use as a Mexican restaurant. In Holbrook, the depot is being converted into a museum. The old Aguila depot sits in Scottsdale's McCormick-Stillman Railroad Park. The Drake depot was moved to Prescott and took on new life as a gift shop. And the former depot in Red Rock is now somebody's home.

As many as 100 trains still pass some of the old depots every day, but only the Amtraks stop — and not very often. Indeed, the days of passenger train travel are gone. The fragrance of oiled hardwood floors and belching steam engines have drifted into the past, and yesteryear's clicking telegraphs have quieted. But, a few of the old depots still survive — in one form or another. AH

Railroad Depot Revival **Patagonia's depot (above, left) opened in 1905 and serviced passengers for more than 50 years. Tucson's railroad depot (left) was built in the Mission Revival-style, opening in 1907. It now houses the Southern Arizona Transportation Museum, as well as an Amtrak office and restaurant.**

Riding the Rails **Grand Canyon Railway engineer Michael Brooks (above) keeps tradition alive on this historic passenger train that travels daily from Williams to the Grand Canyon and back. A classically beautiful depot building in the mining town of Clifton (below) now serves as a visitors center.**

by Gregory McNamee photographs by Randy Prentice

COTTONWOOD CLUB **Aravaipa Canyon's classic conglomerate sandstone bluffs peek between yellowing cottonwoods near historic Salazar Church.**

Bonita to Klondyke

Billy the Kid followed this route when it was a bumpy, dusty mule track. It's still pretty dusty, but at least the gunfighters are all gone.

IN SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA, near where Cochise and Graham counties meet, a great mountain dominates the landscape: Mount Graham, at 10,720 feet, the tallest peak in the Pinaleño Mountains. The range's southern flank nourishes a fertile plain with water and soil, a gently rolling prairie famous for its huge, delicious apples, less well known as the site of a greenhouse complex that stretches for miles, feeding North America and Europe with produce year-round. It's a busy place, buzzing with activity and the rumble of tractors, forklifts and semis, not far from the ever-growing towns of Willcox and Safford and heavily traveled Interstate 10.

The valley quiets down considerably a half-hour's drive north of the highway, where a dirt road to the hamlet of Klondyke meets pavement at Bonita. The Spanish name means "pretty," and it suits the large grove of stately cottonwood trees at the intersection, their yellow leaves fluttering like signal flags to mark the beginning of an autumn back-road adventure.

Bonita doesn't see much traffic these days, as its long-abandoned general store attests, but it once saw plenty of rambunctious, rowdy action as a watering hole for cowboys working the ranches of the Sulphur Springs Valley and for soldiers at nearby Fort Grant. One of those cowboys was a young man named Billy Bonney, whom older cowhands called "the Kid," and who carved the first notch on his pistol handle within eyesight of Bonita's beautiful trees.

Billy the Kid rode the road to Klondyke when it was a bumpy, dusty mule track. Modern travelers will find plenty of dust still, and perhaps a bump and bounce or two, but otherwise little discomfort on its descendant, Aravaipa Road. Though warnings are posted that the road is "primitive," it's well enough maintained that an ordinary passenger vehicle can negotiate it without difficulty in good weather.

The road winds across fine, rolling country studded with clumps of grama grass, sotol and creosote, climbing and descending to between 3,500 and 4,500 feet in elevation. Roughly a dozen miles from Bonita, a side road joins the main road. It leads to Eureka Springs, another favorite haunt of cowboys back in the day, now a privately owned ranch that backs onto the rippled Black Hills. Just a bit farther along, the main road turns to run parallel to Aravaipa Creek, its banks ablaze with cottonwoods in their fall splendor this time of year.

An hour's leisurely drive leads to the little hamlet of Klondyke, which officially boasts a population of five. The old general store, like that at Bonita, is closed, a for-sale sign beckoning the daring entrepreneur, and there's not a soul in sight. It's not officially a ghost town, but Klondyke seems close to getting there.

Nonetheless, there's no shortage of beauty here. Nor is there as the road winds below the foothills of the Santa Teresa Mountains, the next range to the west of the Pinaleños, growing a touch narrower as the broad Aravaipa Valley narrows, perceptibly, into a magnificent finale.

Aravaipa Road ends about 35 miles northwest of Bonita at the eastern gates of the spectacular Aravaipa Canyon, a rough and remote place that saw duty as the home to Arizona's last wild wolves before the reintroduction program of the late 1990s.

The Nature Conservancy administers the canyon, which carves its way through the supremely rugged Galiuro Mountains. The road is open to the public around the clock, but the Conservancy requires visitors entering the canyon beyond the road to do so only with a permit. Daytime visits are fine, though, and there's room alongside the tree-lined road for a picnic lunch serenaded by the tuneful calls of tanagers, jays and cardinals — and the less tuneful snorts of javelinas, piglike critters that are wary of humans but still curious about the snacks they carry.

The canyon makes a lovely reward for having endured a snoot full of dust to get there, with its great forest of deciduous trees brilliant in fall color and towering cliff walls that plunge hundreds of feet straight down, a scene more at home on the Colorado Plateau than down here where the Chihuahuan and Sonoran deserts meet — especially considering that what greets the rock at canyon bottom is a wide stream of perennially flowing water.

The Aravaipa Road offers two ways out. One is to return to Bonita and then the interstate; the other is to follow the Klondyke Road, which joins Aravaipa Road about 7.5 miles southeast of Klondyke at an impossible-to-miss, well-signed intersection. That road runs 24 miles northeast to U.S. Route 70, which leads to Safford to the east and Globe to the west. It's a touch rougher than the Aravaipa Road in spots, climbing high up over a saddle between the Pinaleño and Santa Teresa ranges, affording impressive views of the rumpled, folded valley through which you've just passed.

Winding through hoodoo-haunted, juniper-studded, high-lonesome ranch land with seldom another car in sight, the Klondyke Road, like its cousin a thousand feet below, makes an inspiring getaway into country rich in beauty and history.

SMILING STREAM **Aravaipa Creek — named after an Apache term for "laughing waters" — burbles between cottonwood trees in The Nature Conservancy section of Aravaipa Canyon.**

travel tips

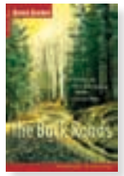
Vehicle Requirements: Passenger car during fair weather
Travel Advisory: Allow six hours for the loop trip. Aravaipa and Klondyke roads can be muddy, slippery and icy seasonally.
Warning: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so beware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.
Information: Bureau of Land Management, 928-348-4400

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.

route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- **From Tucson, follow Interstate 10** east to Willcox. Take Exit 336 or 340 to Fort Grant Road and go north. Bonita is about 32 miles north of Willcox.
- **Aravaipa Road begins with a left turn** at the intersection (State Route 266, to the right, leads to U.S. Route 191).
- **Follow Aravaipa Road 30.5 miles** northwest to Klondyke. Aravaipa Canyon begins about 3 miles beyond Klondyke on the same road.
- **Klondyke Road meets U.S. Route 70** just south of Elden, about 15 miles northwest of Safford.



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by Leo Banks photographs by Randy Prentice

HIKER'S DREAM **Located in the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson, Pima Canyon Trail crosses into the Pusch Ridge Wilderness, home to about 20 bighorn sheep.**

Pima Canyon

There are several ways to explore the Santa Catalinas. Among the best is the Pima Canyon Trail, which takes ambitious hikers to the top of Mount Kimball.

PIMA CANYON TRAIL RANKS among the most popular hiking routes in Tucson's Santa Catalina Mountains. It offers everything a hiker could want. Those looking for an easy stroll close to the city can find it along the trail's lower portions. More experienced hikers, eager for a hard climb to the top of Mount Kimball, can find that, too, but should be prepared for plenty of knee-banging action on the 7.1-mile, one-way trek.

For most users of the trail, something in between sounds about right.

The canyon, which cuts into the southwestern side of the Catalinas, is part of the Pusch Ridge Wilderness. Hikers begin in Coronado National Forest and cross the wilderness boundary a short distance beyond the trailhead, but that wild-sounding designation can be deceiving.

The first half-mile into Pima Canyon could be called "semi-urban hiking." The city looms in the hazy valley below, and the trail follows a fence that marks private property.

New homes are going up beyond it, and hikers can expect to hear the pounding of hammers. At one point, the trail goes under a half-moon-shaped stone bridge, leading to a brand-new mansion.

But that's not all bad. Some people like getting away from it all without really going too far.

After that, as the trail climbs, the city recedes and the desert takes over. The rocky slopes of Pima Canyon hold magnificent stands of saguaros that run all the way up the peaks, and in some cases, finger the sky.

They're beautiful, and grow in profusion because the slopes face southward, allowing the big plants to absorb the winter sun for long periods, which diminishes the effect of the saguaro's biggest enemy — freezing weather.

Pusch Ridge is also home to about 20 bighorn sheep, but don't count on seeing one. Probably no animal blends into its environment with greater ease, and the last thing they want is contact with humans.

Take binoculars anyway. Even if you don't spot a bighorn maneuvering among the rocks, they come in handy for spying the spectacular rock formations from afar.

CRESTED CACTUS **A treat for hikers, this moderately rare crested saguaro cactus sits along the trail on the north side of Pima Canyon.**

The trail alternates between dirt and rock, the latter portions making it challenging to follow in places. But losing the trail probably won't mean being lost for long. The canyon walls close in as the trail rises, reducing opportunities to wander.

After a mile or so, the canyon becomes a completely silent place, except for the twitter of birds. The soaring ridges make good shade, and cool the air for climbing.

Hikers find more shelter walking beneath the cottonwood trees that stand along a winding stream, and beyond the big trees, at 3.2 miles, there's a small dam with a waterfall nearby. Don't expect to find water in either, except during the year's wettest times. But hikers who make it to this point have done solid work, gaining 850 feet in elevation from the trailhead, which sits at 2,900 feet.

Beyond the would-be waterfall, the trail becomes increasingly formidable — good news for stout hikers eager to leave the city far, far behind. The trek to Kimball requires another 4 miles of uphill work, and culminates at an elevation of 7,255 feet.

More casual hikers, however, turn around at the dam, content with the gentle mix of city and solitude that Pima Canyon offers. AH

trail guide

Directions: From central Tucson, drive north on Oracle Road and turn right onto Magee Road. Drive 1.5 miles to the trailhead parking area. The trail begins on the right.
Length: 3.2 miles one way to the dam; 7.1 miles one way to the summit of Mount Kimball
Elevation Gain: 850 to 4,355 feet, depending on route
Difficulty: Easy to difficult, depending on route
Payoff: Beautiful Sonoran Desert scenery, spectacular rock cliffs and views of the city
Information: 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

online **For more hikes in Arizona, visit our *Hiking Guide* at arizonahighways.com.**

where is this?

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Out to Lunch

It's not surprising that this duo, picnicking on a monolith, is enjoying such spectacular views — they're sitting near Arizona's rooftop. To get there, they hiked a former toll road where Model T Fords once chugged. Now it's used for only foot traffic, but the altitude still takes its toll. Named for the man who built the road in 1926, this trail eventually culminates at Arizona's highest point, though most trekkers prefer the shorter, better-known trail. Even without cars it gets noisy, with Clark's nutcrackers cackling and bull elks bugling to their harems.

TOM BEAN

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